But of all burdens, that a man can beare,
Moste is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
That beares on his shoulders the heauens height.
Thou findest faulte, where nys to be found,
And buildest strong warke vpon a weake ground:
Thou rapiest on right withouten reason,
And blamest hem much, for small encheason.
How shoulden shepheardes liue, if not so?
What should they pynen in payne and woe?
May sayd I thereto, by my deare borrowe,
If I may rest, I will liue in sorrowe.
Sorrowe ne needs be hastened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquillitie,
Usen we freely our felicitie.
For when approchen the stormie stowres,
We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe showres.
And sooth to sayne, nought seemeth like strife,
That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
And layen her faults the world before,
The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
Let none mislike of that may not be mended:
So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS.

Shepheard, I list none accordaunce make
With shepheard, that does the right way forsake.
And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
Had leuer my foe, then my freend he be.
For what concord han light and darke same?
Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe?
Such fautors, when their false harts bene hidde.
Will doe, as did the Fore by the Kidde.

PALINODE.

Now *Piers*, of felowship, tell vs that saying:
For the Ladde can keepe both our flocks from straying.

PIERS.

THilke same Kidde (as I can
Was too very foolish and vn
For on a tyme in Sommer s
The Gate her dame, that ha
Yode forth abroade vnto the greene
To browze, or play, or what shee thou
But for the had a motherly care
Of her young sonne, and wit to bewa
Shee set her youngling before her k
That was both fresh and lovely to se
And full of fauour, as kidde mought
His Vellet head began to shoote ou
And his wreathed hornes gan newly
The blossomes of last to bud did beg
And spring forth rankly vnder his

My sonne (quoth she) (and with
For carefull thoughts in her heart d
God blesse thee poore Orphane, as
And send thee ioy of thy iollitee
Thy father (that word she spake w
For a sigh had nigh rent her heart i
Thy father, had he lived this day,
To see the braunche of his body dis
How would he haue ioyed at this s
But ah false Fortune such ioy did h
And cutte of hys dayes with vntim
Betraying him into the traines of
Now I a wayfull widowe behigh
Of my old age haue this one deligh
To see thee succeede in thy fathers
And flourish in flowres of lusty head.
For euen so thy father his head vpl
And so his hauty hornes did he wel

Tho marking him with melting
A thrilling throbbe from her hart
And interrupted all her other speac